Lyſ. Now pritty one, how long have you beene at this trade?

Mar. What trade ſir?

Lyſ. Why, I cannot name, but I ſhall offend.

Mar. I cannot be offended with my trade, pleaſe you to name it.

Li. How long have you beene of this profeſſion?

Mar. Ere ſince I can remember.

Li. Did you goe too't ſo yong, were you a gamſter at five, or at ſeaven?

Mar. Earlier too ſir, if now I be one.

Ly. Why the houſe you dwell in proclaims you to be a creature of ſale.

Mar. Doe you know this houſe to be a place of ſuch reſort, and will come into it? I heare ſay you are of honourable parts, and the Governour of this place.

Ly. Why, hath your Principall made knowne unto you, who I am?

Mar. Who is my Principall?

Ly. Why your hearbe woman, ſhe that ſets ſeeds and rootes of ſhame and iniquity: Oh you have heard ſome-thing of my power, and ſo ſtand aloft for more ſerious wooing, but I proteſt to thee, pretty one, my authority ſhall not ſee thee, or elſe looke friendly upon thee; come bring me to ſome private place, come, come.

Mar. If you were borne to honour, ſhew it now, if put upon you, make the judgement good, that thought you worthy of it.

Ly. How's this? how's this? ſome more, be ſage.

Mar. For me that am a maide, though moſt ungentle Fortune have plac'd me in this Stie, where ſince I came, diſeaſes have beene ſold dearer than Phyſicke, O that the gods would ſet me free from this unhallowed place, though they did change me to the meaneſt bird that flies i'th purer aire.

Ly. I did not thinke thou couldſt have ſpoke ſo well, I were dreampt thou couldſt; had I brought hither a corrupted minde, thy ſpeech had altered it, hold heere's gold for thee, perſevere in that cleare way thou goeſt, and the gods ſtrengthen thee.

Mar.

Mar. The good gods preſer

Ly. For my part, I came with

doores and windowes ſavour

peece of vertue, and I doubt n

ble, hold, heere's more gold fo

like a theefe, that robs thee of

from me, it ſhall be for thy go

Boult. I beſeech your honou

Ly. Avant thou damned do

this virgin that doth prop it,

you. Away.

Boult. How's this? we muſt

your peeviſh chaſtity, which

cheapeſt Country under the co

hold, let me be gelded like a Sp

Mar. Whither would you ha

Boult, I muſt have your may

mon hang-man ſhall execute it

more gentlemen driven away.

Enter

Baud. How now, what's the

Boult. Worſe and worſe Mi

words to the Lord *Lyſimachus*.

Baud O abhominable.

Boult. He makes our profeſſi

face of the gods.

Baud. Marry hang her up for

Boult. The Nobleman would

bleman, and ſhe ſent him awa

his prayers too.

Baud. Boult, take her away,

the glaſſe of her virginity, and

Boult. And if ſhe were a th

is, ſhe ſhall be ploughed.

Mar. Harke, harke, you god

Baud. She conjures, away wi

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